

## SANDY BEND JUSTICE

Female Heart Must and Shall Be Protected, Says Judge Hoke.

JIM AND RED HEADED SAL.

How He Sought to Awaken the God of Love in Her Heart to Square a Back Board Bill of \$70—Tall Pete's Case.

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"I'm asking this crowd," began Judge Hoke as his court at Sandy Bend was opened in due ancient form and the dogs turned out in the snow—"I'm asking who was at the elbow of the first white man to penetrate into this glorious west?"

"It was a white woman."

"I'm asking who left the palaces of richness in the east to endure the hardships and discomforts of pioneer life on prairie and hillside?"

"It was the white woman."

"I'm asking who starved and hungered, who helped to clear the wilderness and plow the valleys, who cheered and



SHE LETS LOOSE AND WOUNDS HIM IN THE LEG.

encouraged her partner, who got eat up by blars and scaped by Injuns and made the land to blossom like a rose at last?"

"It was the white woman, God bless her!"

"She's been with us right along in this great work of building up an empire, and she's still on deck and doing her level best. If it hadn't been for her cheering presence and her hopeful spirit the Injun and the grizzly bear would still be playing tag over every acre of land west of the Big River. We owe her a debt that we can never pay, and the critter that goes back on a woman within the jurisdiction of this court has got a powerful hard road to travel. This court hasn't the chevalier of old. He's simply got a manly bosom and a manly heart thumping away inside of it. He hasn't a married man, but his mother was a woman, and he's learned to respect the sex."

"Over that sits Red Headed Sal, and over here sits One Eyed Jim. No use to introduce them further. Everybody in Sandy Bend knows that Sal keeps a boarding house and that Jim loafs around for a living. Three months ago Jim goes to board with Sal. He pays up the first month, but after that he drags along and makes excuses, and the other day, when she wants him to square up, he owes her \$70 and can't pay. In lieu of cash he sets out to entangle her affections. He seeks her hand and heart. He calls her an earthly angel and says he can't live without her, when all the time he has two or three wives back in Illinois."

Red Headed Sal No Fool.

"Red Headed Sal is no pollet. She's had fifty different men want to die for her to square a board bill. She listens with a smile on her face, as any lady would, and her heart tunks a little faster as Jim sits down on his knees and swears to fill her path with roses, but she don't melt to him. She simply hears him to the end and then holds out her delikit hand for them 70 plunks. Jim don't have 70 cents, and in a wild frenzy he rushes back to his room to commit suicide. Sal don't rush arter 'im. She knows a trick worth two of that. She picks up a gun and posts herself under his window, and when he lets himself down, an hour later, cackling to blink the house and flee afar, she lets loose and wounds him on the leg."

"Does Jim throw up his hands and do the manly thing when caught with the goods? Not a manly! He begins squealing. He sends for me and wants justice. He claims it was an attempt to assassinate him, and I have to issue a warrant. Sal is here a prisoner, and Jim is here to prosecute. That won't be any prosecution, however. All the gabbling will be done by the court, and not much will be said. I have found out all the facts in the case, and all of Jim's swearing wouldn't make any difference. The facts stand out bigger'n a hill that—"

"Red Headed Sal is a woman—a lady driven by stress of circumstances to run a boarding house."

"One Eyed Jim owes her \$70 for board and drinks."

"He seeks to awaken the god of love in her heart to square the debt."

"The god knows his biz."

"He is halfway down from a second story window when a bullet chips his leg."

"He hollers for me and justice, and we arrive on the spot."

"Them's all the pints, and I don't want any butting in from hyster law-

yers. Justice will be did though the hevings fall."

"Sal, you can depart in peace and resume the occupation of conducting a boarding house and selling drunks that cheer. Mebbe you shot too quick, and mebbe you orter to taken some other way to collect that debt, but you are a female, and the great west stands by you. It would deserve to be kicked if it didn't."

"Jim, you hain't no case. All you've got is a hole in the left leg and the contempt of all good men. Limp out of this courtroom and change your climate. This town of Sandy Bend won't have no further use for you."

"And now, feller citizens, for case No. 2, which is that of Big Jane versus Tall Pete. Big Jane is another female that has put in several years in helping to make the land blossom and driving out the heathen. Long, long ago she learned the game of poker that she might help the critters of the other sex to amuse and interest themselves. She has no guile in her heart, or jest 'nuff to enable her to know that three aces are better than three jacks in a poker hand. According to the rules of society, she may not be the properest lady in the territory, but we must take the proper with the improper and make the best of it. The Lord made her a female, and that's 'nuff for us."

Tall Pete's Case.

"Over that sits Tall Pete. He's hung around this town for a year or so, and the most we knows about him is that he's slick and sly and sleek. The other day he goes to Jane and wants her to elope with him. He wants her to go with him over to Wolf Hill and be his angel forevermore. He vows and promises and gets down on his knees. He's going to do this, and he's going to do that, and her future life is to be one long dream of happiness."

"Big Jane don't lose her nerve. It strikes her that she has heard something like that afore—about a hundred times afore. She sighs, but she keeps cool. She blushes, but she stands firm on her feet. She thinks it over and finally decides to go, but she don't go with her eyes shet. If that's any little game on Pete's part she's going to be right thar."

"Jim provides two boss critters, and they sets off. They git into hills, and Jim pulls a gun and wants Jane to hand over her greenbacks and jewelry—reglar holdup, you see, and all planned in advance, but it don't work. Jane has a gun along, and out it comes, and a bullet grazes Pete's neck. That is 'nuff for him. He yells out that he is a dead man and turns and flees, and a few hours later he appears afore me and hollers for justice. I have to issue a warrant, and Big Jane is arrested as she comes home singing a gospel hymn."

"That's the case, and all the case. A man critter lies to a female. He puts up a job to rob her—mebbe to commit murder. He is beaten at his own game by her nerve, and he comes hollering for justice. He shall have it."

"Big Jane, you are discharged, with laurel leaves adorning your marble brow. The wild and woolly west puts you on the back, and from this date onwards the American flag will be proud to enwrap your form in its sacred folds. I hain't prepared to say that the Four Hundred of New York will stand ready to take you to its bosom, but you can continue to reside here among us in an atmosphere of respect, and the critter that don't lift his hat to you will have to deal with this 'ere court."

"Tall Pete, I hain't no words to tell what I think of you. I wouldn't have believed thar was sich a skunk in the territory. Go hence. Git out. Vanish out of Sandy Bend for all time. Here in this courtroom the majesty of the law protects you, but once outside of it I hain't saying nor caring what may happen. Only in bestowing their kicks the boys should take into consideration the fact that you've been shot in the neck and can't appreciate things as might be the case some other day. That's all, and court is adjourned."

M. QUAD.

Matter of Taste.

"She never misses an opportunity to glance into a mirror."

"All I have to say is she likes to look at that face a lot more than I do."—Kansas City Times.

The Optimist.



"Walter, this knife is blunt, and the steak is like leather."

"Yes, sir; do nicely for stropplin' the knife on, sir."

Lo, the Poor Benedict!

It's "Hubby, put the cat out."

And it's "Dearie, fix the range."

It's "Have you wound the clock, lover?"

And it's "Have you any change?"

It's "Hook me up the back, pet."

And "Lock the cellar door."

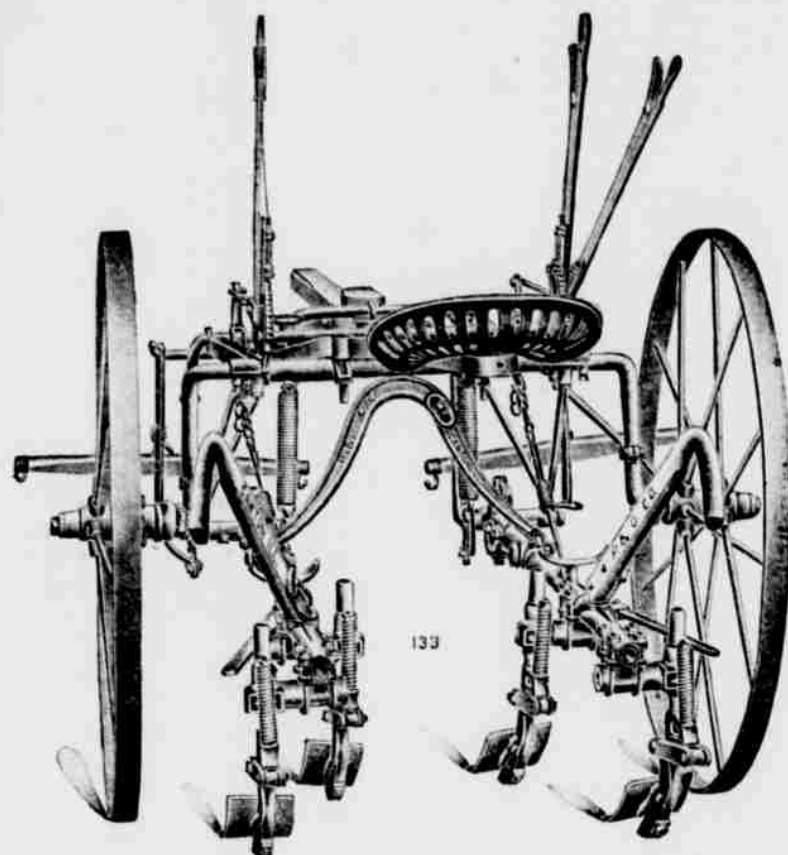
And it's "Do be careful not to spill Those ashes on the floor."

So let the bumper circulate And quaff a mournful glass Unto the humble Benedict.

Alas! Alas! Alas!

—New York Herald.

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## AN UNFORESEEN OBSTACLE.

Why the Astonished Lover Thought  
He Had Better Wait Awhile.

"I HAVE arranged everything."

As she looked up trustingly into  
his eyes the young and beautiful  
girl's hand stole confidently into that  
of her astonished lover.

"Everything?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, dear, I went frankly to father  
and told him the whole story—how we  
first met, who you are and indeed all  
the circumstances—and he made not  
the slightest objection. Then I went  
to mother and told her the same thing,  
and she said that she was very glad.  
So, dear, there is nothing more to  
worry about."

He looked at her vaguely.

"Didn't you tell me," he said hoarse-  
ly, "that your father would probably  
get mad at the first mention of our  
love and try to throw me downstairs?"

"I think I intimated something like  
that."

"And didn't you tell me that your  
mother would probably drop off into  
hysterics and refuse positively ever to  
let me enter the house again?"

"Something like that, dearest."

"And didn't you give me to under-  
stand that we would probably have to  
meet clandestinely and that in all  
probability we would have to elope  
and take the chances afterward of the  
old folks' forgiveness?"

She smiled winningly.

"Yes, dear. But just think of it! It  
has all been arranged so nicely, with-  
out one of my forebodings coming  
true. Indeed, I may say that father  
and mother are both delighted. Now,  
the only question is when to set the  
wedding day."

But the young man shook his head.

"I'm awfully sorry to disappoint  
you," he said, "but I guess I'd better  
go home and think this over. You are  
all a little bit too anxious to get me!"—  
New York Times.

And So He Left Them.

With a heart full of good intentions  
and a bag full of uplift tracts he ap-  
proached the cottage in the bucolic  
wilds.

"Madam, may I leave some tracts  
with you?"

"You may, kind sir, but leave the  
heel marks of them pointing directly  
toward these steps."—Philadelphia  
Ledger.

Didn't Make a Sale.

Of course the shoe clerk was new to  
the business or he never would have  
made such a break.

"What you need, madam," he said,  
"is a No. 5 instead of a No. 3."

"No. 5?" echoed the fair customer,  
indignantly. "You must be thinking  
of the size of your hat, young man."—  
Chicago News.

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